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# AN ELEGIE VPON THE

## Death of THOMAS Earle of *Strafford*, Lord Lievtenant of IRELAND.

## VVho was beheaded upon *Tower-Hill*, the 12 of *May*, 1641.

By THOMAS HERBERT.

*Take an example from Lord* Wentworth *all,*
*Leſt by high climbing you do chance to fall.*

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# AN Elegie upon the death of THOMAS Earle of *Strafford*, Lord Lieutenant of IRELAND.

AWake my drowſie Muſe, no longer dreame,
But in *Apollo's* Siſters divine ſtreame;
Goe waſh thy ſelfe, ſwiftly returne againe,
Begging *Melpomene*, her Tragick ſtraine,
Noe *Epithaliums*, I intend to write,
Nor will I Comicke, Love Letters indite,
To wanton Females, I muſt touch the urne,
Thaw froſen hearts, and make them with zeale burne;
I do intend, all Mortalls to tell plaine,
From Earth they came, to Earth they muſt againe:
But yet before that ſad tale I do begin,
Ile tell manſwhat his Nature is, and how by ſinne,
Death is his wages, aſſiſt me then great GOD,
Whilſt I ſhow man, how he may ſcape thy Rod:
Draw an Example from Lord *Wentworth* all,
Whoſe Vertues lay obſcured by his fall:
Mans definition is a Lump of Clay,
At firſt Divine, untill ſinne drove away,
That happineſſe, joy, and felicitie,
Were then tranſformed into miſerie;
Then man ſublime, by Nature did he grow,
His Soule with ſinne, like high water did flow:
But Oh, Alas! by it what did he get,
A world of ſorrow, and to live by ſwet:
*Adam* did lead the way, and we like fooles,
Continue Trewants out of Vertues Schoole.
Poore men are not content, but murmur ſtill,

Becauſe

Becauſe the World they have not at their will;
Rich men (like Poets *Icarus*) aloft do ſoare,
Never regarding they owe death a ſcore;
Like *Phaeton* they vow for to aſcend,
Although *Ioves* thunder, forces them to bend:
But whither ramble I? my Theame is to treate,
Of one whoſe Vertues once were counted great:
His vices I condole, wondering to ſee,
The Devils malice, link't with pollicie:
When he perceives a man like for to thrive,
In *Gods* affayres, then doth he plot and ſtrive,
Caſting his golden baytes, Riches, and pride,
To hale him from ſuch vertues cleane aſide:
*Angells* rejoyce when as man doth do well,
Divells Triumph, when as he is in Hell:
Was not this man, whoſe deedes we did deſpiſe,
Once pious, vertuous, learned and wiſe;
Which cauſ'd our King his fortunes for to rayſe,
In an iron age, for to ſee golden dayes,
Which hee had enjoyd, had not the Divell,
By ſugry baytes acquainted him with evill.
O what is wiſdome if it be abuſ'd,
Or what the beſt of things, if but ill uſ'd;
The coſtlieſt jem, ill uſage doth deface,
The beſt of men ſometimes come to diſgrace.
Nor do I excuſe him which doth amiſſe,
Nor will I Serpent like, at's ſorrowes hiſſ
Had I his Honours upon me conferr'd,
Why might not I, as well as he been bar'd
From doing well, without JEHOVAHS ayd?
My fame with his, in darkneſſe might be layd;
O therefore let none in deriſion ſay,
There once the head of a falſe Traytor lay;
We all are Traytors unto Heaven, we all,
Are guilty of our Granſire *Adams* fall:
*If* GOD let ſlip, who is it which can ſtand?
The beſt may fall, and feele his powerfull hand:
Satan himſelfe was once an Angell bright,

Who now is Prince of the infernall night.
Thoſe which do think themſelves cleareſt from ſinne,
Know not the danger which their ſelves are in;
As before ſayd, we all baſe Traytors are,
For which judgements do wait on us, though noe care,
*I*s taken to repent, if GOD ſtrikes, we
Suffer not Earths, but Helliſh miſerie.
Were GOD not merciſull this very day,
Death might Arreſt, Oh who could his debt pay;
That were not for to looſe a life or name,
Wife, or Children, or a glorious fame,
But Soule and body, which do far excell,
Such Earthly trifles and be caſt in Hell.
But to my Theame againe, he wiſdome had,
Honour and Riches, why was he ſo mad,
Then not to be content, but covet more,
And by ill courſes to encreaſe his ſtore;
Some ſuch a queſtion may propoſe *I* know,
*I* anſwere thus, and thus their error ſhow;
Why marvel'ſt thou that when man hath honour,
He is apt to follow Satans diſplayd Banner;
It is mans Nature ſtill aloft to ſore,
Though daily riſing, yet would he riſe more:
Honour tis true, an Earthly bleſſing is,
But yet ſometimes it makes man do amiſſe;
Aiming at honour what Tragedies have been,
Acted by puft up Spirits, blood was ſeen,
To die our Channels with a crimſon gore,
Once here in *England* Traytors were ſad ſtore;
Man having Honours, and conjoyn'd with pride,
To all affections made a nuptiall Bride:
Whence came the *Roman* Civill War which tare
The totall circle *Orbe*, and each man vext;
But by two Spirits honoured of all,
By which *Cæſar* did riſe, but *Pompey* fall:
Had not proud *Haman* honour as a King,
Who 'gainſt poore *Mordecaies* complaints did ring;
Sitting i'th Gate and to him did not bend,

Where-

Wherefore his Life on Gallowes he muſt end.
But he eſcap'd, and *Haman* he muſt dy,
His honour brought him unto miſerie;
By which we may perceive, honour oft times,
Ruines that man which higheſt ſeemes to climbe?
But yet miſtake me not, I do not ſay,
Honour makes all men periſh and decay:
Be that far from me, Peeres are in our Land,
Decked with Honour, and yet firmely ſtand;
But Gon protects them, he doth give them grace,
To rule their actions, and maintaine their place;
Which that he may do ſtill, let good men pray,
And condole him, which lately went aſtray;
Let all lament, that Satan hath the force,
Man from his Heavenly maker to divorce;
To ſee that one, which late was of renowne,
By Satans malice ſhould be overthrowne:
Guſh out in teates yee barreneſt of eyes,
Breake Adamantine hearts, that one ſo wiſe,
Vnfortunate ſhould be, ſo low to fall,
Let all good men lament his Funerall;
Not that he dyed, but that his death was bad,
Let that the object be to make us ſad;
O yee Honours, why did yee not preſerve
Your Maſters life, why did you let him ſwarve,
From doing well, why did hee eſchew good,
Stayning by Treaſon his moſt noble blood.
Why ſtand yee ſilent, and me no anſwere give,
Tell me where is your Maſter, doth he live?
Are Honours dumb, tell me yee riches then,
Where is your Lord, once famous amongſt men
Methinks they anſwere me, and thus do ſay,
Going to death from him we fled away:
O why do men then with ſo greedy ſpeed,
Run after Riches, when in our greateſt need,
They cannot helpe us, why do mortalls ſo
Hugg Baggs of gold, authors of Terrene woe?
Honour and Riches each man doth deſire,

Which

Which cauſes are to ſet their hearts on fire:
With worldly vanities and damned ſinne,
Which are the cauſes we do griefe live in;
O then contemne them, do them not regard,
But about thy But-wark ſtill keepe watch and ward;
Thy Soule I meane, which if but entered once,
Tis ten to one thou looſeſt not thy ſconce;
O did we knowe the Devills malice all,
We would for Riches not ſo often call,
Which are but miſeries, the Devills baytes,
Stuffed with venome, and cramb'd with decayts;
What will our Vſurers refuſe to do,
To obtaine wealth, their Soules they will forego:
Rather than tenths ith hundred, as for death,
They do not feare it, puſh, they yet have breath.
O fooliſh worldling, ſooth not up thy ſelfe,
That thou muſt live, becauſe of worldly Pelfe:
This very night thy ſoule may taken be,
And then for gold thou'ſt nought but miſerie:
Death feareth none, no not the greateſt Kings,
Monarchs he wounds, and to the grave downe brings;
His dart can pierce the thickeſt Coate of Male,
Vndaunted ſtill he rangeth with lookes pale,
And hideous, none ſees him but doth fly,
All are afrayd Deaths dart for to come nigh,
But fly whither they came, Death wil them meet,
And for their Honour, give a winding Sheete;
Couragious Souldiers, and the Courtier neate,
In perſon though tall, low, little or greate,
If Death ſay unto them, yee mortalls ſtand,
They dare not anſwere, Sir, at whoſe command?
If man but knewe his owne brittle eſtate,
And how he ſubject is unto each Fate:
His looks ſo lofty he would ſure caſt down,
Vpon his grave, dig'd in ſome hole ith' ground,
Who knows how ſoon his glaſſe it may be ran,
Which being out, alas! his life is done.
Then doth he wiſh he ſooner had repent,

And in the world ſo vainly not been bent:
Their Riches, Honour, or their earthly fame,
Cannot redeem them from eternall ſhame.
As man muſt dye, ſo is there ſeverall wayes
To cut him ſhort, and end his wretched dayes.
None knowing when firſt borne what death to dye,
Whether by Rope, Knife, Axe, Artillery.
My Lord of *Strafford*, once ſure little thought
Crimes at ſo high a rate to have had bought.
Each man can tell what preſent is, but who
What in the future he ſhall undergoe?
Wherfore you which have honour and renown'd,
Be ſure that guilty you be never found,
In offering to your King and Countrey wrong,
By haynous deeds, or by offenſive tongue.
If that your King doe ſhew unto you love,
Oh Love againe, and trechery remove
Farre from your hearts; if this you doe deny,
Though Noble, yet diſgracefull death you die.
Art thou admir'd for Wiſdome, praiſe thy *God*,
O be not ſelfe-conceited, leaſt his rod
Doe bruiſe thee into Atomies; thy fame
Being metamorphoſed to eternall ſhame.
Haſt Honours, Riches? ô imploy them well,
He which is Righteous beares away the bell.
Without the which, what thing ſo ere be thine,
Is but vanitie, puſt with bluſtring wind.
They which deſire to ſee IEHOVAHS face,
Earth muſt contemn, and ſeek for heavenly grace.
O let Lord *Wentworths* fall, which once was wiſe,
Cauſe us repent, that by it we may riſe:
The quinteſſence of valour he accounted was,
But yet the Devill was too ſtrong, alas!
Who can deride him? and not rather weep,
That he by Satan ſhould be layd aſleep
In vain ſecuritie. *Ireland* forget his ſinne,
Only forſake thoſe ſteps which he trod in.
To *Englands* Peeres, let him example be.

Let

Let them take warning by his miſerie.
A Traytors name: ô let them count it baſe,
For of all ſcandalls, that's the worſt diſgrace:
O here in peace, let them ſtill ſit and ſing
Praiſes to *God*, and Prayers for our King.

FINIS.